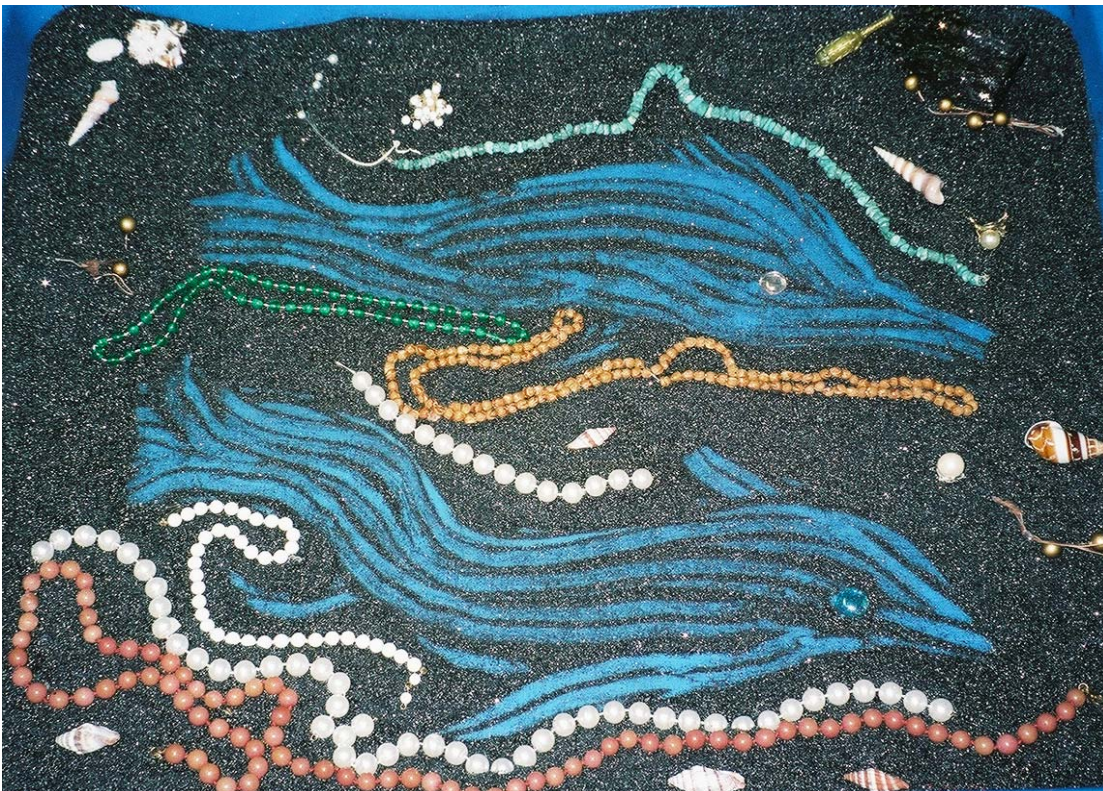


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Part One

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THE SANDTRAY NETWORK JOURNAL



The Sandtray Network publishes this Journal on the Web at www.sandtray.org as an offering to the world wide community of elders, healers, educators and transformational leaders.

Website Journal Part One:

Notes from the Editors

A Seat at the Table by Robin Naneix- p. 2-9.

Finding Family in the Sandtray by Kali Miller-p. 9-13.

Website Journal Part Two:

Honoring Lilly by Mary Herza- p.2 (14)

One Thousand Armed Kwan-Yin:

Embracing the Piece-fulness of the Multivalent Psyche by Maila T. Davenport- p.3-6 (15-18)

Shapes of Kuan Yin by Gisela Schubach De Domenico – 7 (19)

Feminine Images of God by Karen Wallace , p 8-11 (20-23)

NOTES FROM THE EDITORS

In this issue, the first to be published on the web, we welcome you to explore your attachment to forms, images, traditions, and ways of being. Each of the authors invites you to find balance between coming into wholeness and dissolving into the primordial chaos of creation.

Robin Naneix takes us on a deep and wonderful journey to the beginning of time when Sun impregnated Earth with eternal Flame and the Rainbow of Species was spawned. In her introduction she gently reminds us of how journeys in the sand are impacted by the context in which they are offered. The expectations of the witness can circumscribe and even prevent the journeying.

Robin vividly describes the tension between indigenousamerican – and euroamerican approaches to life. As her nature based language of play meets with the interpretive based language of the witness the expression of her authentic self is lost. She can't play. She is able to overcome the assumptions that all witnesses expect Worlds of princesses, cars, and people and gives us instructions about how to witness and support the journeyer.

Robin is a Storyteller. We encourage you to gather and read aloud, in the oral tradition, this Tale of Creation.

Maila Davenport encourages familiarity with archetypal mythic material so that therapists can support the ancient, living Stories of their clients. She lets the Myth come to life by entering Myth like the builder enters the World.

Maila brings us an early myth of Kwan Yin that takes us beyond the stereotypic serene exterior of the Kuan Yin we know. We move into the mysteries of self-mutilation, flesh-and-blood offerings that support transformation and healing of self and others.

Karen Wallace sculpts the biblical images of God as Feminine in order to transform our acculturated experience of God as Masculine. As we play with her feminine shapes of God we are invited to

overcome our attachment to the masculine form of God. We may come to experience how God appears in any form in order to reveal Himself/Herself to us. This loosening of attachment to any form, in turn, encourages us towards our own transformation.

Honoring Lilly is an account by Mary Herza of consciously witnessing the mysteries of death and the physical body's return to the earth. In the sandtray Mary journeyed with Lilly, able to both hold and transcend her pain and guilt.

The child in Kali Miller's playroom learns to be flexible in the face of chaos and nourished by the unexpected. As in the other stories, the learning requires a disintegration of the World's order and the willingness to watch and participate in the unfolding of new forms, new possibilities, and a new World order.

A Seat at the Table

By Robin Naneix



I am a student; most of my experience with the Sand has been personal. In my sandplay journeying I found the Sand before I found the science. And so, my learning experience has been wide open, approached with a blank slate, free of expectations. When I began my sandtray trainings, I was told that this might make things easier for me; that my mind would absorb the teachings, unprejudiced by psychological, social, or developmental theory. I believe this

has been a double-edged sword, for which I am truly grateful. It has given me insight into the “innocence” of our clients, who play most often without the knowledge of science or theory.

Sandplay is not benign. When I began to play at some of our local trainings, I felt grossly misunderstood. I was driven to play with rocks; they teach me, hold me, and tickle my creative urges. But I was told that my rocks were places of hiding, my cultural context was unconsidered. Luckily, I knew better. An art therapist friend of mind, who shares my dilemma with playing in our authentic way, told me: “Don’t share your world, Robin. We are artists. Our truth will cause them to contract and to shrink away. Instead, pick a car, a house and a princess. Where you and I see playful sword fights in antennae laced across an urban sky, they will see a house, a TV, and a princess.” Although there is nothing wrong nor lacking in playing with houses, TVs or princesses, for some of us it is undernourishing.

In many trainings, I had not truly shared my world. However, at Level Four of the Sandtray-Worldplay Training with Gisela Schubach De Domenico, I was tired and wanted to be more fully myself. It was all that I could afford. The group I was with proved sensitive, warm, and open. So, I shut off the brain and let the fingers soar. In my first tray, the prejudiced mind might have seen only scratches in a circle in the sand. But this group saw and felt my treasure. I had the car, the house, the tree, but they were in a different language. The language was authentically mine.

By the week’s end I was still being me. And because of that, Gisela and Stephanie went with me to a beautiful place in the bottom of the sea. The voyage went so far back into time that it took the two of them to get me there. I am so very grateful for their patience, their blank slates, and their encouragement, which allowed me to be authentic.

My “backwards” path has provided me with an artful experience that I now struggle to translate. The rich texture of a four dimensional

perspective does not readily lend itself to a two dimensional form. The following is just one of the many profound journeys that I have been gifted by the Sand and by those who traveled with me, holding and guiding me. May we never forget the numerous possible journeys for those who would venture to place hand and heart into the Sand.



Placing Hands and Heart into Sand

Deep Into Our Blue

A simple blue tray
And a gallon or so
Of flat, black sand



An invitation to the Eight Sacred Nation
That which is called, The Unknown

The hands speak for the Heart

Both hands pushing left,



Pushing right



Combing tangles from the sand
Gently,
Patiently
They coax forth the story that lies within



The Mediterranean?



No, much bigger
The Pacific, I think, yes



And the sirens call
Sirens this time call
Not for dashing on the rocks
But for midwifery of that within



We go down
We go down



The hands tease apart the grains
Two fish emerge
Skipping over and under
Froth and foam

Into the primordial soup du jour
They jump
They dive

One has fins of fish
The other- a place for breathing air
A dolphin



The tray reveals
A Pisces of sorts
A cold-blooded fish warmed by its exterior

The other, a dolphin warmed by furnace within
It feels fast and free up on top of the surface

Until they dive...
And then the clock stops
We are at the place where time on Earth began

Stephanie is my guide in this tray
Bless her heart
She lets me fully navigate my way
She lets me be in that place

I explore
I leap
I puzzle
But she does not flinch
She does not gasp
Her breathing is in equal time with mine

I tell her that my arms are going numb
She does me well, and keeps a Vegas poker face

Beautiful limbs of Arabesque length
Reducing now to cold and jittery nubs
I am growing fins!
Limbs no longer for expression
Now, only for posture and direction

She asks me where I am
And it's a good thing, too, because...
I am not long for this space
This place of verbs and vowels and
onomatopoeia

I was just at the brink of seduction
By the rising tide of Thetas

Now
I descend
I descend
Sharing pulse with an ancient Turtle's truth

Lost legs and diminished arms
Respirations offer life, and nothing more

It is the place a paramedic would order “6000
Joules!”

But me...
I am headed for Nirvana
Heaven,
A bed of marshmallows

Stephanie asks me again
“Where are you? What do you hear?”

There is nothing
I have no eyes
There is only the creaking and the yawning
Of the Old Turtle’s tectonic plates
Shifting and adjusting

An opiate-like dream
I am becoming nothing in nowhere
But I need to answer Stephanie
We are here to listen and to learn
And I try my very best to share this tray

“I am at the bottom of the Marianna’s Trench,” I
say
My spongy, grey Pentium processor has
retrieved the file
A National Geographic memory
The bottom of the Earth in Kodachrome blue

It feels like Stephanie has joined me now
We are resting at the bottom of the Marianna’s
Trench,
“the deepest gash in the Earth,” so they say
But now
After this,
I know better

So very deep
An abyss approaching the Eternal Flame
Centered in the Earth
A gift from the Sun

Shared long, long ago
Impregnation

This gash, they call it
I call a cleave
This cleave houses the Alpha
In lands of Mitosis and Meiosis

Separating
Realigning
Spawning forth
A Rainbow of species
It is the Yoni in the Pacific
And we have gone back

“What is it like, Robin?”

We are...
Light years before the Pearl Divers
Heavy copper heads sporting fancy belts
Quadrants of lead
Black rubber umbilicus for air

We are at the place of creaking
My pulse is sooooo slow
I don’t want to sleep
Don’t want to miss this tray

And Stephanie and I must have been
The face of the ‘Deer in the headlights’
For at that time we both
Looked to Gisela

I wanted her safety
I wanted her grace

I tell her of my perch between sand and land
She comes over to take us further
Much further
To a sacred space

My lazy lids want to close
Simply watch a picture show
But Gisela taught me to stay in the tray

“What is it like down there?”

I shared with her the fish and the dolphin



A strand of pearls transformed
Seafoam
And bubbles of oxygen



Sage green strand of water turquoise
Gift from Mother
Protective shield of the gentle Dineh
Served for me as Giant Kelps

Giant Kelps
Dancing in the waves
Slipping and tickling across the dolphin’s back
Spirit balls come to play with me

And there I was stuck

But Gisela extracted from her Pocket of Plenty
The key to my wisdom trapped within
“Dance the kelps”
“Be them”
That was the key
My body heard it before the mind could censor

Up! Went my jade blades
Left and right we swayed
Undulating in time beneath the sea
Cosmic pulse spread through my torso and
down into my feet

Amplification

Toes of white fibrous rhizomes
Drinking vitamins from sand and sea

Gisela and Stephanie danced, too
They kept me there
A little trio of jade blades
Nothing but time on our hands
And a sacred place to sway

Impeccable timing
The curious face
The one like that of the unbridled nine year old
asked,
“Can the kelp sense anything around it?”

It knows the bump of another kelp
It knows the bump of a dolphin

“How?”

Kelps have a low and loose vibration
Dolphin has a higher, denser, more frequent
vibration



And the beauty is...
That is simply all that it needs to know

“Is there something else down there that a kelp might sense?”

I spotted a sea shell and called it a Mollusk



“Can you Be that Mollusk down there in the bottom of the sea, with the kelp...?”

I cannot remember what else she said
 At that time I was nowhere near my head
 Her voice drifted off into aquatic wonder
 I felt my body, my heart, my emotions
 Dissolved into tiny gas bubbles
 Little dots of time
 In stillness
 And in motion

Adequate words escape me
 I simply dissipated into subatomic particles

I saw
 And
 I was
 The Mollusk

Luminescent glow
 Exquisite harmonic chord

A tiny Toltec tucked in spiraled shell
 ‘No judgment’
 ‘No personalization’
 ‘No assumptions’
 ‘Doing its best’

Mollusk shared with us a glimpse of
 The land of the Buddhas
 ‘Te Wah he’ of the Lakotas
 ‘Nhajone’ of the Dineh
 ‘Nuwati’ for the Cherokee

The same is known by so many names

Knees I no longer had, trembled

Awe, pure awe

Face to face with Mystery
 Perched somewhere between
 Ecstasy and Respectful Fear
 Balance

Every tangible and intangible bit
 Shattered into
 Nothing
 But
 Sound and light
 Time and space
 A beautiful new set of Four Directions

No longer asleep
 Now vibrant

Yesterday Gisela said that when the clients meet
 the Great Mystery, it teaches them to say
 “Ohm”

Instinctively it just spilled forth
 “Ohm”
 It was the only way I could stay still
 Grounded

The word pushed itself up from some place deep
 And made xylophone play of all my chakras
 The Universe was having its way

However many millions of years ago
 We are here now,

Bathing in the Sea of Early Amnios

Nothing but distillates of
Light and sound
Glow without heat
Awareness without intellect
Nothing and everything

Mollusk showed to us the Center
Not timebound
Not spacebound
Everywhere and nowhere at all
Harmonic convergence of
Time and space and light and sound

And if the mollusk had stopped singing its song
Would the planets somehow lose their way?

And about us
What does that say?

I got my groove back
Found it in two square feet of sand and tray
And I give thanks
Earnest, heartfelt gratitude
To all of those who ever encouraged anyone
To sing their song,
To dance their dance
In their very own Mollusk way.



Robin Naneix is the mother of Sophie and Maximilien and wife to Pascal. In addition, she

holds a Master of Counseling Psychology, is a soccer coach, and animal caretaker of large raptors. Her hobby is creating memorable gatherings under the name and philosophy of Poco Play. She credits the Sandtray-Worldplay experiences with reacquainting her with the sacred Red Road of her ancestors.

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Finding Family in the Sandtray

By Kali Miller

It's hard to be a younger sister. Little sisters often have to watch and wait, wondering "When is it my turn?" It's harder yet to be the little sister of a child with Reactive Attachment Disorder.

Celeste was adopted into a home with parents who were gentle and reasonable. Logic ruled the day and their parenting style was rational and well considered. As I shared with her mom, if they were dogs they would be Collies: shaping behavior by example and gentle nudges in the right direction. Celeste responded well to her new parents and attached securely. She, too, was as rational and gentle as a Collie.

Unfortunately their first daughter, Janet, was not a Collie. From the moment of Janet's adoption she tore into her parents' well-regulated lives like a slightly demented Jack Russell terrier. She seemed oblivious to the love and favor that they showered on her and responded to gentle limits with shrieks and aggression. Distressed, her parents brought Janet to my office. Her behavior appeared inexplicable until we recognized that she had not bonded to her new parents. Her goal in life was to keep herself safe and this meant she had to maintain control at any cost. Without bonding, Janet could not empathize; without empathy, she could not develop a conscience. Without a conscience, there were no limits to Janet's troublesome behavior. She had no concept that her verbal or physical aggression could harm others and no remorse when it did. Her

only concern was to feel in control of the world around her and, therefore, (in her mind) be safe.

Celeste's appearance in Janet's life constituted a threat. Janet felt Celeste was a competitor for what she perceived as scarce resources. She "welcomed" her new little sister into their home with an instantaneous assault any time she felt threatened. On one rare occasion the girls were briefly left alone in the house. Janet became aggravated with Celeste and, while holding a knife to her own chest, threatened to kill herself. When Celeste called for help, Janet became increasingly enraged, knocked down a mirror, and kicked a hole in the wall. To have a sibling who has failed to attach is confusing and frustrating. To be smaller and two-and-one-half years younger is terrifying.

The first time I saw Celeste, I was struck by the stillness of this eight-year-old. Eyes wide and vigilant, her every word and move appeared pre-planned. She had learned to be the "perfect" one in order to escape Janet's aggressiveness and to balance her 'off-kilter' family. The only complaint the family had about Celeste was that she was fearful at night and did not want to sleep in her own room. This was not necessarily an irrational fear. One night at 3:00 am she had awakened to find Janet ransacking her closet, looking for something she was sure Celeste had "stolen."

In non-directive play therapy Celeste's themes centered on the vulnerability of mothers and their inability to protect their offspring. Not only had she lost her biological mom but she was also unsure of her new mom's ability to keep her safe within the new family. Although she needed to mourn the loss of her biological mother, she was too overwhelmed by her fear of Janet. Celeste's feelings of helplessness were played out again and again. "Their mommy got carried away by a bat...They can't fly because they got hit by a truck and their wings don't work...You have to turn invisible to stay safe...You must stay ALONE..." The play parents promised: "We'll come back. Unless we're in the deep dark woods forgetting about you."

Celeste did feel loved by her parents and loved them deeply in return. However, whenever Janet's controlling behaviors escalated Celeste made herself invisible. This allowed her parents to focus on Janet and sometimes protected Celeste from Janet's rage. Quiet and obedient, Celeste often felt forgotten.

While Janet raged, Celeste was alone with her own anxieties. Would her parents again regain control or would Janet's rage destroy them all?

In play Celeste grappled with the chaos that could erupt in her family without warning. "We saved our house from being captured or knocked down or stolen," she said. But a moment later, "There was a snake under the trampoline and nobody saw it. Nobody! Nobody! Nobody!" The adults put the children to bed and tucked them in. Then the snake came, "But the grown ups don't wake up" so "they (the children) all have to go back to their own hiding spot."

Naturally, Celeste's anxiety was not confined to her therapy sessions. She was obsessed with her homework. Although every assignment reached the teacher on time, she was terrified that the next one would be late. I suggested we explore possibilities and see what would happen if her homework was late. Celeste was extremely resistant. Such imperfection was unthinkable! She developed tics. Her night fears continued. She became adamant that she had to sleep with her parents.

During this time, Celeste's parents and I had also been working intensively with Janet. As Janet began to heal, her physical violence decreased. For the first time Celeste felt safe enough to discuss Janet directly. Celeste came to realize that her sister had come into their family with a 'black bag bulging with emotions;' emotions in response to losing her biological mom and subsequent history of neglect. She also began to understand that no one could be perfect enough to keep Janet from exploding and that it was not Celeste's job to try. Celeste began to realize that Janet was responsible for her own behavior.

When Janet was finally able to take responsibility for the impact her behavior had on Celeste, I invited them to work in the sand together. I suggested each girl choose one or two objects and place them in the sandtray of their choice. Janet smoothed the white sand and placed a little horse with two bundled up children snuggled together on it. For perhaps the first time she shared her heart with her sister, "This is the world where everything is the way you want. On the outside you might be fighting but this is what you really want...Even if you're really mean, it's what you want deep inside."

I encouraged Celeste to experience Janet's world. Not surprisingly, Celeste saw the sandtray world differently, "For me this is the mom and this is the dad...the snow is rising like a river...they're kind of scared." The world shifted for Celeste. Referring to the figures she had identified as parents, she said, "They're two little kids...nobody can boss you around, you're your own boss...Nobody can say, 'You have to.' or 'You can't.'...Then, indicating a line in the sand, Celeste added, "This road goes to good and bad places. Nobody has ever been there except people who take risks. It's like a fork in the road where you know it's gonna take you to a good or bad place."

When asked what the wise part of them was sharing Janet stated, "There is a way. Maybe it's not too obvious, maybe it's not too fun, but there is a way." Celeste noted, "Even when you're stuck, you don't have to be that scared."



There is a way

Celeste was at the fork in her own road. She believed that she had kept herself and her family safe by being a pleaser who avoided conflict at any cost. For the first time she explored the possibility she could be her own "boss." But it was hard to change. Celeste felt trapped, not only by her sister's continued ups and downs, but by her fear of what would happen to her family if she, too, did bad things. There was also fear that if she began to assert herself, Janet would retaliate. Although Janet sometimes now reached out to Celeste, at other times Janet fell back into a pattern of manipulation and aggression.

For the first time ever Celeste began to meet her sister's anger with her own. But this was not everyday anger. Celeste had her own "black bag" of rage that had been pent up and pressed down for years. When it did not feel safe to vent against her sister, Celeste targeted her mother. Her mother

reported, "She stomps around and says, 'I don't belong in this house, you don't love me, I'm going to kill myself!' " In a reversal of roles Janet asked her mother what she could do to help Celeste and observed, "You have to be really strong to be a mom."

Celeste was bewildered by the intensity of her own fear and rage. In between outbursts her voice became hushed, her actions more rigidly controlled. She could not tolerate the fact that anyone, even me, would know of her imperfections. For the first time Celeste was reluctant to allow Mother to check in with me. After sessions she raged at Mother if she had updated me about Celeste's behavior. She grappled with her own worth, her place in the family, her own nature. "Inside me it feels like they pay attention to Janet a lot more than they do me. It hit me like they don't love me, I felt like I don't belong in the family...the family is broken."

We continued to work through Celeste's history and desires in the sandtray. Gradually the loss and grief related to her adoption began to surface. My sandtray shelves contain dozens of breeds of dogs.¹ One session Celeste startled me by choosing a collie. She was unaware of the parenting metaphor I had shared earlier with her mother. Celeste created a world in which the collie's mother gave him away. But the collie "grew too big" for her new family. The collie's first mother was distraught, "She didn't know they were going to ruin him...they were going to sell the collie dog...She felt really bad...she could have kept him because he was special but she didn't need him anymore."

Overwhelmed, Celeste directed me to be the collie, "You grew too big." I first reflected her anguish and later expressed anger, "...growing is what I'm supposed to do!" Finally I demanded a forever family who would love me and keep me. She chose me the right family, "a dog breeder family."

Such insight was rare for Celeste. Most often she would spend the whole session painstakingly building and naming her World's inhabitants. I would sometimes join her, looking at things from her perspective, seeking to draw her into processing her world with words or play or sitting silently experiencing her world. But her pressure to name would overwhelm and she would spend the rest of

¹ I use therapy animals in my practice and so make a large variety of miniature dogs available to my clients who build worlds.

the session naming each of a dozen figures. The names were plain, like Sam or Albert, with no story. She would go over and over the names until we both had them memorized. She expressed little emotion, as if she had created a piece of art, not a world. Her worlds appeared controlled and repetitive. For me they seemed too perfect, almost stagnant.

In an attempt to give Celeste time to experience her worlds, I doubled her session time. Her worlds became more detailed and the number of occupants more numerous. I felt frustrated at my inability to help her experience her world. For me, her sandtray resembled her life; look perfect, look happy, don't really experience. Celeste seemed satisfied with her worlds but I wanted to help her experience and grow.

During one such session as Celeste contemplated, assigned and memorized names of a bear family, one of my foster cats wandered into the room. Sam-I-Am is one of seventeen cats under the age of one year who was scheduled for death at the local animal shelter. He has the markings and blue eyes of a red color-point Siamese, but is plush like a teddy bear. Outgoing and confident, he relishes his foster family of my own three dogs and three cats plus two other foster kittens and an elderly black lab. When I bring him to the office, he does more than endure the drive. He enjoys it. Sam lies on the back of my shoulders, or sits on my lap with his forepaws planted on the car door watching the world go by. In the office he is cuddly and patient, even with rambunctious toddlers.

While Sam poked around the room, Celeste spoke, indicating two panda cubs. "They are two best friends who need a family because they don't have a family...When these two cubs come along they don't let them inside...The mom and dad are afraid they're gonna harm the baby...but they do later (let them in) when they learn they just want a family." Celeste's demeanor was solemn as one of her cubs noted, "I don't remember my mommy."

This play was uncharacteristic of Celeste in that the cubs were mischievous, sneaking about, sinking the family boat and lying about their escapades. When they confessed, the parents forgave them.



Sam-I-Am Enters the World

Abruptly, Sam -I- Am leapt into the sandtray. Violation! My first impulse was to snatch him out but I hesitated as Celeste froze staring at him. She seemed both horrified and fascinated, eyes wide, mouth forming an "Oh."



"Everyone hide!"

After a long moment she declared, "It's a fierce white panther. Everyone, hide!" Sam -I- Am obligingly sat down on one of the pandas and Celeste shrieked, "Agh! No, he's crushing him!" This unexpected intrusion into her fastidious world had provoked the most animation I had ever seen from Celeste. She snatched a new figure from the shelf, "The inspector is worried he's going to make

a mess.” As if on cue Sam- I- Am reached out a paw and toppled over the trellis leading to the panda’s tiny perfect garden. Celeste was honestly distraught and one of the pandas warned, “He’s going to destroy everything!”

Believing that Sam- I- Am was now a part of Celeste’s World, I restrained myself from “saving” it (or her). Instead, I encouraged her to experience the mess, to be with the destruction. I said, “Notice how it is to be in a World where a fierce white panther makes a mess.”

Something shifted. Celeste’s eyes softened and she declared, “They thought he was dangerous but he’s only hungry.” Celeste then took a pail of ceramic white roses and a minute pail of milk and placed them in front of Sam. To my amazement and Celeste’s obvious delight, Sam- I- Am actually began to gnaw on the roses. Celeste threw her hands up, “That’s it! He’s fine now.”

The “inspector” lay forgotten outside the tray and the pandas inquired if Sam- I- Am would like to join them. Upon ascertaining that he did indeed need a home, they began to clear a spot for him in the sandtray. Sam glanced about, then stepped up onto the window ledge. Celeste declared, “He’ll live up the hill from us.”

Life in the World settled and Sam- I- Am perused it from his perch. Celeste noted that although there was chaos in the world there was also some structure. “When the bell rings they know it’s time for breakfast.” Celeste picked up a brass bell and outstretched it over her world. Quick as lightning Sam- I- Am tapped it and it tinkled. Celeste beamed, “It’s his job to ring the bell. He rings it for breakfast, for lunch, for dinner.” And he did just that.



The Bell Ringer

Celeste summarized, “At first I thought he was here to destroy the world, then I knew he needed something. Now I know he’s here to help the world too.”

The session ended, but not the healing. Sam- I- Am had introduced imperfection into Celeste’s perfect World. Celeste found she was more flexible than she had believed. She had been able to incorporate a fierce beast into her sandtray and the healing continued. Celeste felt more capable of incorporating a difficult sister into her own world, capable of incorporating herself into a “broken” family, and even capable of incorporating the fierce parts of herself into her own character. Celeste explored the previously impossible notion that, at times, the wild parts of ourselves can be not only delightful but productive.

One day, a few weeks later, Celeste did not turn her homework in. As she reported this infraction to me, she pondered, “I’m wondering why I had to worry about it, because it’s not bad.” She added, “I belong to a real family...even if I do something really bad.”

And Sam- I- Am? He has now found his forever family and I’m certain that he will continue to use his heart for healing.

Kali Miller, Ph.D., is a licensed psychologist who uses Sandtray-Worldplay (TM) with many of the children, teens and adults who present with issues including anxiety, Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and Reactive Attachment Disorder. She has several four-footed co-therapists and is a national speaker in the area of animal assisted therapy.

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THE SANDTRAY NETWORK

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The Network Council: The Sandtray Network is a non-profit organization governed by the Council Members Carol Azzaro, Gisela De Domenico, Auguste Elliott, Mary Herza, Julia Richardson, and Diane Simon.

Please consider joining our Council. Currently we have an annual visioning retreat, our annual meeting and community workshop, and several work days during the year when we all come together.

Council Committee

Most of the play and work of the network is done in committees. Step forward and give time and energy to the Network community by joining the following Council committees:

Journal: Carol Azzaro, Gisela S. De Domenico, Auguste Elliott. We welcome adjunct readers.

Journal Keeper: Carol Azzaro

Archives: Auguste Elliott

Network Membership: Bijili Abbey

Treasury: Julia Richardson

Website and Advertising: Carol Azzaro

Publicity, Volunteer Coordinators, Retreats:

Mary Herza and Diane Simon

Hospitality: Mary Herza

Newsletter: Julia Richardson, Diane Simon.

Mailing: Bijili Abbey, Diane Simon

Conference Holder: Mary Herza

Secretary at Council Retreat: Auguste Elliott and Carol Azzaro

Agenda Coordinator: Gisela De Domenico, Auguste Elliott and Diane Simon.

Network Membership

Anyone interested in the educational, healing and transformational applications of sandplay is urged to join and support our Network.

To join us or renew your Sandtray Network Membership:

Fill out the enclosed Member Application or Contact us at sandtray@rcn.com or Download a membership application at www.Sandtray.org

**The Winter 2004
Sandtray Network Journal**



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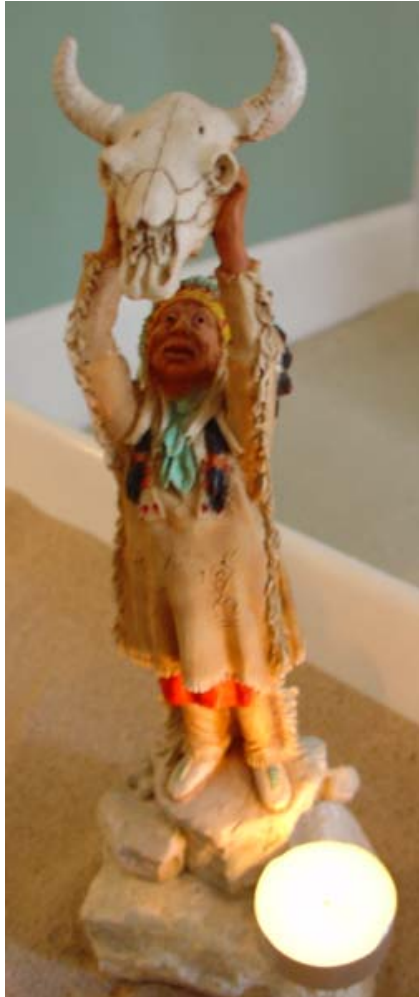
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The Sandtray Network Journal is the official publication of The Sandtray Network. The Journal is published twice yearly. A Newsletter is published periodically with updates about Network business and events.

Disclaimer: The articles contained in this journal represent the views and opinions of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the attitudes and opinions of the Sandtray Network. Some articles may be printed to stimulate thought and, in some cases, to arouse controversy. We print these articles so that you may read what your colleagues and other professionals are doing and thinking. We also believe that learning is enhanced when all sides of an issue are exposed, allowing each individual to develop his or her views. While you may not agree with all the views expressed, we hope that this journal will stimulate you to respond and share your views, expertise and experience with journal readers.

Community Announcements



The Sandtray Network Community is looking for an assistant treasurer, a membership chair, a website curator, two grant writers and two conference-workshop co-coordinators to work with Mary Herza, our conference holder, for 2004-2006. Reach Mary at 510-273-9772.

The Council invites national participation of our members in all aspects of visioning, administering and carrying out the projects of the Sandtray Network.

Please contact any member of our council at sandtray@rcn.com

A Call for Research

We invite members and readers who are interested in researching the use of Sandtray-Worldplay and sandplay to explore people's ancestral connections and their unique cultural, multicultural, ethnic, and multiethnic experiences to contact:

Auguste Elliott at sabinpond@aol and Gisela S. De Domenico at sandndtrayworldplay@rcn.com





The Sandtray Network

The Mission

- We actively promote learning, healing and creativity through the use of the sandtray.
- We share and witness authentic experiences of the human psyche in the sandplay journey:
 - We offer substantive presentations and experiential explorations at our community meetings
 - We inspire and develop the exchange of ideas and information in our journal, on-line, and at our conferences.

Our Objectives

- To support the many ways of using the sandtray
- To promote the use of the sandtray for the benefit of the local, national and global communities
- To compile a resources and reference library for the use of the community-at-large
 - To disseminate information about sandtray methods to the greater community
 - To implement the use of the sandtray in a wide variety of settings
 - To explore the use of sandtray as an interpersonal communication tool to bridge ethnic and cross-cultural barriers

The Sandtray Network Journal

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